The Alaskan Churchman

FEBRUARY, 1956 Number

Missionary District of Alaska

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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

The Alaskan Churchman
Founded in 1906
Published Quarterly in the Interest of the
Missionary District of Alaska
of the
Protestant Episcopal Church
Rt. Rev. William. Gordon, Jr., Editor
Miss Stella U. Burton, Business Mgr.
Subscription Price
One Dollar A Year
Please make checks and money orders payable to
THE ALASKAN CHURCHMAN
(Box 441)
Fairbanks, Alaska
Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Fairbanks, Alaska

FEBRUARY, 1956

ALASKA TODAY

Alaska today has been likened to a sleeping giant that has very definitely awakened and is beginning to flex his muscles. When the Territory was first purchased from Russia in 1867 it was simply a shadowy outpost of the Russian Empire, its inhabitants ministered to by seventeen clergy of the Russian Church. Five years earlier, however, missionaries of the Church of England had reached Fort Yukon and the seeds of the work of the American Church in Alaska were planted. It was not until 1887, twenty years after the United States acquired the land often slightingly referred to as "Uncle Sam's Ice Box", that the first missionaries of the Episcopal Church journeyed up the Yukon River and established the first outpost at the Indian village of Anvik. A few years later with half the proceeds of the first United Thank Offering of the Women of the Church, a church building was erected. Christ Church, Anvik, today overlooks the Yukon, a truly living monument both to the beginnings of missionary work in Alaska and to the magnificent missionary giving of the women of the Church.

The great era of the Gold Rush at the turn of the century marked the real beginning of the white man to Alaska. From that time on the white population began to outnumber the Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts until today there are four times as many whites as natives in a population of about 150,000 people.

After the great gold discoveries, the life of the Territory remained largely dormant until the beginning of World War II. During this time fishing supplanted mining as the chief industry of the Territory. The work of the Episcopal Church was strengthened and firmly established. Built on the firm foundations of the magnificent ministry of the first Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe, who served the Territory as Bishop for nearly forty-seven years, and of his co-workers, missions, hospitals, and schools were started all over the 586,000 square miles of Alaska from Ketchikan on the Southeastern Coast to Point Hope almost two thousand miles north along the barren shores of the Arctic Ocean. From this foundation has developed the present strength of the Missionary District of Alaska of four parishes, twenty-three missions and twenty-four outstations, and the twenty-six bed Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon. This work is staffed by twenty priests, two laymen, six nurses, three other women workers, and several native layreaders and helpers, ministering to more than six thousand Episcopalians. One very challenging feature of this ministry is the fact that in more than twenty of these missions and outstations every soul in the village is an Episcopalian and here the Church truly ministers to an entire community in body, mind and spirit.

The sleeping giant that is Alaska truly began to awake in 1940 and in the decade since then the coming of the military and other allied services has revolutionized the life of Alaska. Cities have developed from sleepy

towns and now Anchorage, Fairbanks, Juneau and Ketchikan are similar to bustling cities anywhere, both in mode of life and in modern conveniences. Vast construction projects have attracted thousands and now the new Alaska outnumbers and overshadows the old. The challenge to the Church is tremendously increased with the coming of the permanent bases and service men and their families and dependents. Self-supporting parishes are replacing some previously struggling missions. And more missions will follow this example. Alaska stands on the threshold of a great pulpwood industry just being born in the midst of the wonderfully wooded hills of Southeastern Alaska.

The ministry of the Church is still the same: to all people wherever they are. The Bishop flies more than 30,000 miles yearly in his little plane, the Blue Box, visiting his scattered flock of Indians in log cabin villages in the Interior; Eskimos in the sod igloos of the Arctic Coast, and increasing numbers of whites in the Interior and along the Southeast Coast.

Countless opportunities are there. There are thirteen villages where every person is an Episcopalian, that depend on their minstry for occasional visits of a priest who has several such stations under his care. New opportunities are everywhere and Alaska today awaits the coming of men and material support to meet the opportunities that God has given us here. As the Territory of Alaska grows materially great, it also must grow spiritually great with the inward strength that can come only through Christ and His Church.

Not long ago Bishop Gordon flew to the native village of Eagle on the Canadian border of Alaska, visiting a mission that had not been manned for many months. Then he greeted an elderly Indian who had been converted from paganism by the Church and who had looked to its ministry for strength and spiritual power for nearly fifty years. The Bishop asked Little Paul how he was feeling. The old man looked up at his Bishop and smiled and said, "Long time I feel no good. Now you come, I feel plenty good".

Little Paul did not feel good simply because his Bishop was there. He felt good because the Church was there, the Church representing the gifts, prayers, and the sacrifices of millions of men and women and boys and girls the world over so that countless little Pauls might have the blessings of the Gospel of Christ and through Him feel good.

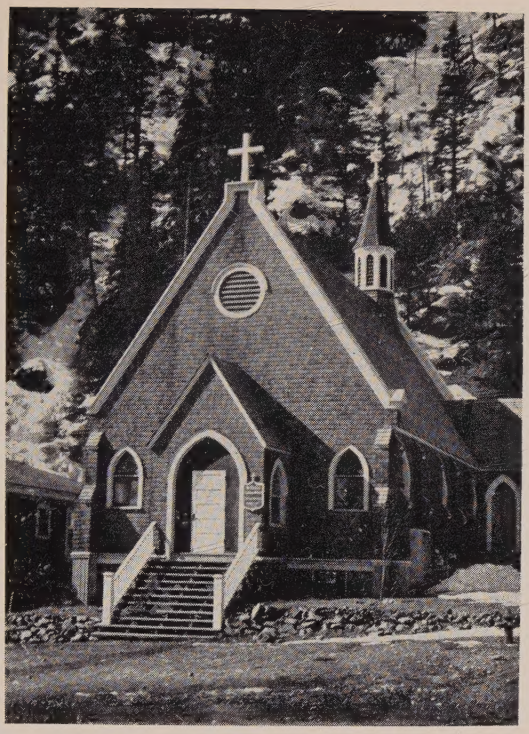
(This article, written by Bishop Gordon, may be obtained in folder form with illustrations, from the National Council, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.)

A NEW TYPE OF MINISTRY

When our readers think of the clergy in Alaska traveling over this vast Territory to minister to the needs of a scattered people, almost invariably their thoughts go to the isolated Indian and Eskimo villages in the remote reaches of Alaska where our native people dwell. This is largely true and much of the ministry of our clergy in the Interior is an itinerant one, visiting the people wherever they are.

However, our itinerant ministry is not limited simply to the native people in the Interior who may be reached only by dogteam, by boat or by plane. A new type of itinerant ministry is growing—to a new type of people who are more and more becoming a part of the Territory of Alaska. A very excellent example of this is the ministry of the Rev. L. Russell Clapp of Seward who, once a month, makes a round trip of approximately 400 miles, by automobile from Seward overland on the Kenai Peninsula to visit the communities of Kenai, Homer and Seldovia.

Fr. Clapp began this itinerant ministry several years ago and wrote an article about it for the February, 1954 Churchman. However, since this ministry is so unique in our own Territory, I am sure the Readers of The



St. Peter's Church, Seward

Alaskan Churchman will want to know more about it. The Bishop's recent visit with Fr. Clapp to visit these stations may be an excellent illustration.

After a few days visiting the church people in Anchorage, I made arrangements to fly about 125 miles to the little farming community of Homer on the lower reaches of the Kenai Peninsula, there to meet the Rev. L. Russell Clapp who had driven over the road from Homer the day before.

After a very early morning flight from Anchorage to Homer, I met Fr. Clapp at the airport. He told me he had engaged a small plane to transport us across Cook Inlet to the little community of Seldovia, one of the few places where we have work and the Bishop has never visited. So we made a fifteen minute flight over to the little fishing community nestled in the hills on the northwest side of the Peninsula. There we found a noontime congregation of 20 persons waiting for us with one young woman to be confirmed. Following this service of Holy Communion and Confirmation, an excellent luncheon was served and we enjoyed the fellowship of our people in Seldovia.

Seldovia is a small fishing community which is bustling in summer when the cannery is in full operation but it is very small and quiet during the winter months. However, there is no church that belongs to the National Council of Churches active in Seldovia at the present time. The Methodist Church has a building there but no services have been held since last Easter so there is a real need for some sort of ministry to meet this problem. Fr. Clapp goes over to Seldovia once a month and remains over night and has a service for the people. Church services mean much to all of us but sometimes we tend to lose sight of their importance when we

think of the many opportunities we have of going to church but it does one good to go to some place where there are few opportunities of worshipping God in our way and to see what it really means to the people who have this rare opportunity. Such is the situation in Seldovia — no chance for any great growth—not a large group of people—but men and women, boys and girls to whom the opportunity to worship God and receive the sacraments means much. So a priest who has many other responsibilities in his own home parish, uses his time once a month to make the long trip.

From Seldovia we flew back to Homer where we gathered in a log cabin home for a service for 25 people. Four young people were brought to the Bishop to be confirmed and we celebrated the sacrament of Holy Communion. Following this service the ladies of the mission in Homer served a wonderful dinner for all and once again we gathered in church fellowship with our people.

Here are people who are real pioneers, going out into the wilderness, in many ways, building their own little log cabins, and eking out a bare existence until a real stake can be made. There are wonderful possibilities for farming, dairying and other such opportunities in Homer but a family with limited resources has to have real courage and faith to go through the long period necessary before such a venture can begin to pay dividends. We take off our hat to the people of the Kenai Peninsula who are truly pioneers in this relatively new venture in Alaska.

Following the service and the dinner with our people, we had the privilege of speaking to the Homer PTA and I thus had a chance to see a real cross section of a very fine and hard-working community. We salute these people.

The next morning, in Fr. Clapp's station wagon, we drove about 80 miles to Kenai, another farming community on the Peninsula. Here also the army has set up a small installation and that evening we had the use of the facilities of the base chapel for a service for most of the civilian people of Kenai and the military personnel now stationed there. Once more the group was not large, about 25 in all but here again were people to whom the Church's ministry means much, particularly young men in the armed forces who are a long way from home and from all that they have known. The next morning we drove over the snow-covered roads of the Peninsula back to Seward and I enjoyed a wonderful week end with the Clapp family and our people at St. Peter's Mission. There was confirmation Sunday morning and a parish dinner in the evening and an opportunity to meet new acquaintances and many people where I began my own ministry—then the following day back again to Fairbanks and home once more.

This is just a sample of the trip that Fr. Clapp makes from his home in Seward once a month to provide services for small congregations in Homer, Kenai and Seldovia. He does not travel by dog team nor does he undergo severe privation. However, changing a tire in 30 below zero weather is not one of life's pleasanter moments. It is a sample of a consecrated man giving of himself and his talents in an extra way so that the children of the Church can have a ministry wherever they may be.

Dr. and Mrs. S. Donald Palmer of Fort Yukon announce the birth of a daughter Anne, born in Birmingham, Alabama on January 4th. Anne joins a sister Kathy and two brothers, Jimmy and Stephen. We add our congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer on this happy event.

Have you renewed your subscription to the Alaskan Churchman? If not, there is no time like the present.

UNDER GOD A GOLDEN PAST FOR A GOLDEN FUTURE

St. Philip's Church and Parish Hall

This history is dedicated to the Glory of God, and in loving memory of Bishops, Priests, and lay men and women who, through their humble faith expressed in worship and work, have left this goodly heritage for our children.

St. Philip's Episcopal Church, which celebrated its Golden Anniversary the 21st Sunday after Trinity, October 30th, 1955 had its beginning in 1903 when the congregation under the leadership of the Rev. Harry Prosper Corser built the white frame building which stands on Church Street and Episcopal Avenue. It began as the "Peoples' Church" and the golden heritage which we of St. Philip's hold dear today was born and nurtured by the people who built the church. People like Jacob Johnson and Willis Haoglund who gave the land on which the church stands; the original lumber for the building given by Mrs. Mary Willson; Oscar Carlson and H. D. Campbell, who were the carpenters; Tom Konanisty, William Lewis, Charles Jones, J. G. Grant, Fred Wigg, Sam Gedek, James Bradley, John Kassunk, Edwin Hofstad, F. G. Bronson, Walter Waters, Edward Berkley and many others who gave work and money to build the church; boys like Louis Wigg, Ernest and Leonard Campbel and Fred Lewis who, by their own admission, can't remember how much they helped and how much they were under foot.

Corser Ordained

In 1905 the Rt. Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe, Bishop of Alaska, received Mr. Corser and many of his congregation into the Episcopal Church and ordained the young minister a Deacon. The next year he was advanced to the priesthood, and he continued to be in charge of St. Philip's Church until the time of his retirement in 1934. During his long ministry in Wrangell, Mr. Corser gave himself untiringly to the service of his flock, and to the people of the whole community. He had an especial gift for work among young people and was ever active in their behalf. He organized the first troop of Boy Scouts to be formed in Alaska. He with the help of the community, built and furnished a gymnasium in which two generations of Wrangell boys played basketball. He encouraged every activity that fostered bet-

ter work and play for his young people. Meanwhile, he found time to write on many subjects. His "Jack and Tom" stories appeared in "The Young Churchman". His "Totem Lore" became popular with many tourists. His short "History of Alaska" was a valuable work.

During Mr. Corser's ministry two devoted women, Miss Ella Woods and Miss Edith Peck, Deaconesses of the Church helped with the women's work, visited the sick ,and worked with the Church School. There are many women without whose devotion, prayers and hard work St. Philip's parish would not have advanced; Mmes. William H. Lewis, Fred Wigg, H. D. Campbell, J. H. Wheeler, James Bradley, Oscar Carlson, Charles Jones, F. G. Bronson are a few from the early days of the Church. Miss Margaret Weightman, Public Health Nurse, worked devotedly in the parish for many years. She organized the St. Mary's Guild and made a gift to the church of the Bishop's chair. Through recognition of the great need, and the generous gifts of Bishop Rowe and the National Council of the Episcopal Church, together with the civic-minded citizens of all denominations, Wrangell received its hospital which bears the name of Bishop Rowe, in 1926.

Krone Here 1934-1942

With Mr. Corser's retirement in 1934, St. Philip's Church was served by a young lay reader, Mr. Arnold Krone. Mr. Krone studied for Holy Orders and was ordained a Deacon in St. Philip's Church July 17, 1938 and was ordained Priest June 11, 1939. Fr. Krone organized the Episcopal boys and girls at the Wrangell Institute into a church group called the Congregation of Christ the King. The boys built an altar for their services and carved a set of Eucharistic candlesticks. Fr. Krone obtained a house near the church which he called St. Philip's House. It was used as a social center, especially for the young people from Wrangell Institute who were visitors in town. He served the parish faithfully for seven years, leaving for Nenana in 1942.

The Rev. William Forbes came to St. Philip's in September of 1942. Though his ministry was only three years, he served the church and community well. He served on the board of Bishop Rowe Hospital and during the teacher shortage taught in the public school. He left a lasting memorial in the parish because it was from his earnings as a teacher that some of the original lumber for the parish hall was purchased in 1949. He also took from the parish the daughter of one of the church's early families, Miss Glenora Waters, as his wife.

The Rev. Thomas Paul Maslin and Mrs. Maslin came to Wrangell in January, 1946. Mr. Maslin's health had been impaired during the many years he spent as a missionary in the Orient and he was forced to retire in March, 1946.

During the years from 1946 to 1948 St. Philip's had no resident clergyman and it was again devoted women who kept the parish active in the community. Mmes. M. O. Johnson, H. D. Campbell, Oscar Carlson, Ray Hammer, L. B. Chisholm, Olive Johnson, James Bradley, Mrs. Harry Coulter.

Church School continued and services were held occasionally by men from Juneau and Ketchikan. The Rt. Rev. Jno. B. Bentley made his annual visits, and classes were presented for Confirmation. One class was prepared and presented by a Public Health Nurse who was also a churchwoman. Miss Esther Bacon.

In July of 1948 St. Philip's was again sent a resident clergyman, the Rev. Hugh F. Hall. With his arrival St. Philip's faced a new problem which it had not had before—the need for a rectory. St. Philip's throughout the years had been served by single men or a man and wife; now there was a family to house. The women obtained comfortable and adequate housing in the home of Mrs. May Gartley. In January, 1949, the present rectory was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

Parish Hall Started

In the fall of 1949, with the realization of the need for a building to

Wrangell on the Southeast Coast

The Wrangell Institute

Delegates to the Convocational Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Southeast Alaska

make possible an increased program for St. Philip's Church, work was begun on the parish hall with volunteer labor. The parish has received generous gifts from The National Council and from Bishop Gordon to complete this building, and it will be blessed by Bishop Gordon during the anniversary festivities.

During Fr. Hall's ministry there has been an increase in lay participation. A Parish Council, members of which are elected by the congregation, has been established; and laymen have taken the services during the absence of Fr. Hall. The Church School has shown steady growth to the point where it now numbers over 100 pupils, 10 teachers and 7 assistants. The women's work has progressed with the merging of St. Philip's and St. Mary's Guilds into the Woman's Auxiliary and with active participation in the District's and National Woman's Auxiliary.

In 1950 the present pastor's activities were increased by the establishment of St. Andrew's Mission in Petersburg. During the last five years a building has been built and the mission has grown.

Fr. Hall served on the Board of Bishop Rowe Hospital as Treasurer from 1948 until 1952 when the hospital was leased to the town of Wrangell.

St. Philip's golden heritage is present in the building and in the many furnishings. The marble for the altar was quarried by Walter Woodbridge and brought from Ham Island by Fred Wigg and Kenneth Talmadge on Fred's boat, the Gloria. The marble cross on the altar was carved by Walter Waters, a memorial to the church for Mabel Wigg. The I.H.S. on the altar was carved by Walter Waters and the gold leaf was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hofstad. The three branch candelabra, which light the altar for nearly every service are a memorial to Mrs. Fred Wigg. The Communion candelabra were given in memory of Mr. William Lewis. The bell which rings for services was bought by a bedridden young man, John Thomas. He lived to hear the

(Continued on Page 11)

HUDSON STUCK MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

(Dr. Stephen D. Palmer's Advent Newsletter)

There is no earthly beauty to surpass the splendor of a full moon, a clear, cold sky, and a snow-blanketed village of cabins and evergreens. From every cabin a plume of lazy smoke rises, and the moonlight casts the whole into an intense purplish chiaroscuro picture long to be remembered by those of us who have seen it. On such a night—and on all other nights—we here at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital lend you our thoughts and borrow memories from home.

It has indeed been a busy several months since we last wrote you. On August 13, the first day of the Palmers' second year here, the hospital garage caught fire from an undetermined source, and burned to the ground in an inferno which came within minutes, or inches, of setting fire to the hospital. Fortunately, the wind shifted, water was obtained, and two huge D-8 bulldozers from the construction company arrived, all at about the same time, and the fire was kept within limits. With the garage was destroyed both of our generators, one of which was a Christmas present last year; several hundred dollars' worth of tools; a considerable amount of other equipment, pumps, engines, etc., and the hospital's barber's clippers. The garage itself was a new structure, having been finished only the previous summer, and it was a beautiful and well constructed building. Our gratitude that the hospital was spared has completely taken the place of regrets for the garage, and our thankfulness to our friends here in Fort Yukon, for their help in fighting the fire and rebuilding the garage, is from our hearts.

Before the fire was quite out, the Second Chief of Fort Yukon told me that he would have some men over that evening to help clean up the mess, and with the help of many other volunteers, the hospital was repopulated, the furniture was restored from where it had been taken outside, and we were all cleaned up again in short order. The night after the fire brought us many offers of help in rebuilding and clearing the ground for the new structure was begun the next day with a D-8 bulldozer loaned us by the construction company working here in Fort Yukon. The construction company also hauled many truckloads of gravel for us and mixed concrete for the new foundation, pouring it into forms constructed by volunteers from the local unit of the Alaska National Guard. Within a few days, logs (also donated to the hospital) were being squared and the building was going up steadily, with our maintenance crew having generous volunteer assistance from men in the village.

The Fort Yukon Native Council put on a "Hot Tin Roof Dance" to help raise money for the roof of the new garage, and a record total was donated, being essentially adequate to cover the cost of the roof. Now our new garage stands squarely and proudly, as a tribute to the devotion of these our friends to the Episcopal hospital in Fort Yukon.

It became necessary this summer to obtain a walk-in freezer to keep our game and fish in during the warm months. To several of our friends in the States, this sounded like a revival of that tired old joke about selling ice boxes to Eskimos, but for us it is a serious proposition. Fortunately, a surplus yard in Fairbanks had a trailer-van type of freezer which they put in working condition for us and we were able to purchase it for about $1100.00. It has given very satisfactory service and holds many pounds of caribou, moose, salmon, and still a small chunk of black bear. At the present season, with the thermometer about 30 degrees below zero—we don't have to keep the motor in oper-

ation, obviously, but again next spring we shall have need of it again.

Our hospital has recently been enjoying the help of Miss Stella Burton who has been acting Secretary-Treasurer, filling the position left by Miss Betty Klemm last fall. Stella will become the Secretary-Treasurer for the Missionary District in January and we consider it a privilege to have her capable help during these several months.

During the summer, a group of funfull, energetic and motivated young people traveled all the way across the country to hold Daily Vacation Bible Schools in some of the mission stations in the Missionary District. These folks were volunteer workers, and they worked well and hard. The District, and they too, profited by the experience. Betty Marvin, one of the Bible School volunteers, asked if she might stay this next year here in Fort Yukon to help with St. Stephen's Mission. This is real devotion! Betty has dropped out of college for a year, and is helping the Rev. Walter Hannum with the work of St. Stephen's. She has been a real friend of the hospital, as well, by teaching the three R's to some of our school-age TB patients. School work has been a neglected aspect of our treatment of tuberculosis during the year past, I believe, and Betty has been a great help in keeping our young patients intellectually stimulated so that when they recover from their tuberculosis they can more readily assume their school work.

During September I was privileged to be selected as a delegate to the Postgraduate Course in Cancer given by the University of Oregon Medical School. For a week, in company with 70 other physicians from the Territory of Alaska and the Northwest States, I enjoyed and profited from lectures in newer developments in the important field of cancer. After the conference was completed, I flew to Oakland for a one-day visit with my sisters, brother-in-law and small fry. This was an unplanned and most pleasant sidelight of the trip "Outside".

A few weeks ago, Jean Aubrey, P.H.N., Nurse-Evangelist at Shageluk, was flipped high into the air by a team of dogs, and broke her ankle. Although we sympathize with Jean in her discomfort, we are glad that she is convalescing here at the hospital and we are renewing old friendships. Harriet Keefer, P.H.N., our capable Head Nurse, is relieving Jean in Shageluk for the several weeks that Jean is here in Fort Yukon.

The hospital has been the grateful recipient of many gifts during the year past. One of the most appreciated is a hospital incubator for infants—the incubator we needed so badly several months ago when we had the 3½ lb. "preemie" here. The Rev. Richard Lambert, formerly priest in charge of St. Stephen's and now rector of St. Matthew's, Fairbanks, and his wife, Betty, gave it to us. We are very grateful for it, and expect that many babies will live to be grateful for it.

Our perennial friend and guest, Dr. George Tulloch of New Jersey, a consultant parasitologist with the Arctic Aeromedical Laboratory, has given us a ball-bearing, four-wheeled, freely-rolling stretcher which had no hesitation in taking the place of the fatigued, worn, balky, and hard-headed device which had been here so long. At the conclusion of last summer's work here, he again made a present to the hospital—a beautiful, institution-size "Kitchen-Aid" mixer for the galley over which Dorothy Pitka presides. It has been a real boon.

The "traveling box" of native crafts has not gotten underway yet. We fully intend to have this on its rounds by the first of the year, however, and urge any parishes interested in having this beautiful and interesting collection of native work communicate with the hospital immediately. We feel sure that you will gain a better understanding of the skill and artistry of these our good friends.

The Ven. Hudson Stuck, Archdea-

con of the Yukon, the Christian pioneer for whom this hospital was named, was a man of many talents. We have enjoyed his several books, and heartily commend them to your leisure time. He was a master of composition, a convincing narrator, and an epicure of words. His best known book, The Ascent of Denali, describes the first successful ascent of the highest peak of Denali, or Mt. McKinley, the tallest peak in North America. It was as the leader of this expedition that he gained much of the fame that is his. His other three books, Ten Thousand Miles by Dog Sled, Voyages Along the Yukon and Its Tributaries, and A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast, vividly describe some of his missionary journeys. You will find them all enjoyable—but hard to obtain. They are all out of print, but can be had in some book stores.

The Feast of Christmas is near upon us. We who will spend it here, where there is always a "White Christmas", living and working here in Fort Yukon with these our friends, will think of you and pray with you this Christmastide. We ask that you pray with us, too, for the spread of God's word, strength and skill in our hands and the healing of God's sick children. God be with you.

Under God, A Golden Past

(Continued from Page 8)

bell ring for the first time on Christmas Eve and then died. The sanctuary and chancel appointments, the altar and chancel rails, the pulpit and the lectern of native yellow cedar were built by William Fletcher, William Lewis, Carl Carlson, George Klaquits and Frank Churchill. The baptismal font was built by George Klaquits and given in memory of Leander Osborne. In 1939 the three stained glass windows were placed above the altar. The central window, given as a memorial to the Rev. H. P. Corser by his many friends in Wrangell and the other two given in memory of John Goodwill Grant and John Lynch Grant. The organ was given in memory of Mrs. Jennie Lewis, Mr. Fritz Angerman, Mr. Ellery Carlson, Mr. N. Johnson, Mrs. Lillian Stokes, Mr. Bert McKay and the Rev. Arnold Krone. The baptismal cross and candlesticks were given in memory of Gloria Grace Bradley, the vases in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Powell, the windows in the nave and chancel have been given in memory of Fritz Angerman, M. O. Johnson, Mrs. James Bradley and Francis Doutrick.

The golden heritage lives also through St. Philip's Church School. Enrolled today are the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the builders of the church: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones' great-grandchildren, Page, David, Jacqueline, and Carol Dailey, Dennis, Randolph, Andrea, and Jeffry Barlow; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Campbell's great-grandchildren, Karen and Richard Campbell; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wigg's great-grandchildren, Flora, Frank and Sarah Jackson; Mr. and Mrs. Dan McCullough's great-grandchildren, Cinday and Sidney McCullough; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lewis' great-grandchildren, Kenneth, Lillian, Roberta, and Teresa Lewis, Arnold, Elmer, Thomas, and Tilly May Carlstrom; Kathleen Callbreath and grandchildren Donna Delpha, and Stephen Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grant's granddaughter, Suzanne, teacher; Mr. and Mrs. James Bradley's grandchildren, Emma Churchill, teacher, Anna Joanna, Doris, Rita, Patricia, and Louise Bradley, James and Herbert Bradley.

St. Philip's Church, under God, has truly had a Golden Past. With the merging of the new families of the present with the old in the same spirit of Christian humility and faith, St. Philip's faces unafraid a Golden Future Under God.

ORDINATION AT TANANA

Randall P. Mendelsohn

The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn, deacon in charge of St. James' Mission, Tanana, was ordained to the priesthood on December 20th in St. James' Church, Tanana.

The day before, Bishop Gordon flew to Fort Yukon accompanied by the Rev. Richard T. Lambert, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Fairbanks. At Fort Yukon the temperature was forty-five below zero and we picked up the Rev. Walter Hannum and flew 200 miles to Tanana.

Mr. Lambert presented Mr. Mendelsohn for ordination and Mr. Hannum preached the sermon. St. James' Church was packed with the people of Tanana and the service was a most impressive one. Mr. Mendelsohn will continue at Tanana as priest-in-charge at St. James' Church with the outstations at Hot Springs, Rampart and Coshchacket.

Following the ordination service a reception was given honoring Mr. Mendelsohn in the Alaska Native Service School, by Mrs. Arnold Griese and other ladies of the community.

The Rev. Mr. Mendelsohn came to Tanana last summer from Bexley Hall, Gambier, Ohio where he graduated in June. He has served with real faith and devotion in the Yukon River community since that time.

Apparently ordination made quite a difference in Mr. Mendelsohn's life and outlook because less than two weeks later at a New Year's party for the people of Tanana, Miss Dorothy Buzzard, a nurse at the Alaskan Government Hospital in Tanana and Mr. Mendelsohn announced their engagement to be married. The exact date of the wedding has not been set as yet. Our congratulations go to Mr. Mendelsohn both on the occasion of his ordination and also his engagement. As Bishop of the District we are thankful that this time we are gaining a nurse rather than losing one to matrimony.

MISS JEAN AUBREY HAS HAD AN ACCIDENT

Many readers of The Alaskan Churchman were much interested in the account of Miss Aubrey's new work as nurse-evangelist at St. Luke's Mission, Shageluk. Miss Aubrey went to Shageluk early last summer and was our first resident missionary in that village of 120 people on the Lower Yukon River. She made a wonderful start there and after many difficulties as far as housing was concerned, was finally settled in a new log home early in the fall.

However, on November 10th a wire came to the Bishop's office saying that Miss Aubrey had fractured her leg and was coming into Fairbanks for medical attention by the first available plane. It seems she was standing by the dog sled ready to make a visit to the lower village, when the dogs suddenly decided to start off. Her foot was caught in the harness and she was

thrown to the ground, landing on her ankle.

Then we all waited anxiously for five days for Miss Aubrey to appear. The plane was poised in McGrath waiting to go into Shageluk to pick her up, as soon as favorable weather developed but during this bad spell of weather no planes could possibly get into the village and it was not until November 15th that Jean was finally able to get into Fairbanks and into the hospital. The Alaska Native Service teachers in the village had made her comfortable and Jean, being a nurse, had taken care of the emergency procedures herself.

Upon her arrival at the hospital her leg was placed in a cast and the doctor told her she was not to try to use it for at least ten weeks. This posed a great problem as far as her continued ministry at Shageluk was concerned.

Since Miss Aubrey had begun the work at Shageluk so wonderfully, we felt it would be a great blow to have it vacant for those ten weeks so we took a step that always makes a letter from the Bishop something of an adventure to most of our Alaskan staff. The Bishop wrote Miss Keefer, the head nurse at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital at Fort Yukon, to consult with Dr. Palmer about going to Shageluk to carry on while Miss Aubrey was recuperating from the accident and in the meantime, as soon as Miss Aubrey could manage it, she would leave the hospital here and go to the hospital at Fort Yukon, and help there with things that did not require walking.

Typical of the fine spirit of those who serve the Church in Alaska, Miss Keefer immediately said that she would go, although she had no idea of what it could involve, having had little or no experience other than her fine nursing background, to fit into the job. However, on November 21st the Blue Box took from Fairbanks with Miss Keefer and her baggage, along with Mrs. Thomas Cleveland and her infant who were returning to Holikachuk after three months in Fairbanks. We

Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N.

flew 400 miles and dropped Mrs. Cleveland and the baby at Holikachuk then flew another 25 miles to Anvik and refueled, then 30 miles across the swampy tundra that separates the Yukon from the Innoko River to the village of Shageluk. I deposited Miss Keefer there and to say that this was the beginning of a new life is putting it mildly. In Shageluk Miss Keefer is living in the little log cabin home that we built this past summer. She melts ice for her water supply, does all her own cooking and light is provided by a gasoline lantern. All of this was a complete change for Miss Keefer because although it is cold in Fort Yukon, the hospital has the modern conveniences of electric lights, running water and meals are prepared in the hospital kitchen. So to suddenly be dropped in a little village and called on to do almost everything for yourself in a completely new situation, calls for real courage and faith. Fortunately our staff is richly endowed with such.

Another responsibility facing Harriet was that of having complete charge of the services of the Church

as she had never led a service in her life. I understand she burned the midnight oil going over the Prayer-book and the rubrics with Walter Hannum at Fort Yukon before flying to Shageluk and she borrowed quite a supply of the Bishop's slightly used sermons. Typically, Harriet has met each new experience and challenge with the splendid spirit and faith which has characterized all her work in Alaska. She has made a warm place for herself in the life of the village of Shageluk and has rendered a really wonderful service to the Church in this District. Her latest report tells of a turkey dinner at Christmas, furnished by St. Margaret's Guild of All Saints' Church, Anchorage, which she shared with a father and six children whose mother was ill in the hospital with tuberculosis. Her newest experience is returning from a medical visit to Holikachuk, 25 miles from Shageluk by dogteam. So the mission of the Church goes on.

Miss Aubrey hopes to return to Shageluk in late February. At that time Miss Keefer will go back to her job at Fort Yukon. She is filling, in a splendid way, a vital need in the Church and she will have stories to entertain the Fort Yukon staff for many nights to come. Certainly one of the great joys of being the Bishop of Alaska is working with such a wonderful and consecrated group of men and women who have given their lives to bring the ministry of Christ to the people of Alaska.

The Rev. and Mrs. Alwin Reiners, Jr. of Kotzebue are the proud parents of a daughter, Sarah Carver, born in Fairbanks on November 4th.

NEW APPOINTEES

The Church in Alaska rejoices in the recent appointment of three young men who will come to the Territory to be a part of our missionary family after their graduation from their several seminaries in June. Mr. Carter van Waes is a senior at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in Berkely, California. Carter was born in Michigan and is thirty-five years old. He entered the seminary as a postulant from the Diocese of Massachusetts and in the summer of 1953 came to Alaska as a part of our summer seminarian program. He served at the mission at Huslia, a village on the Koyukuk River and made a vital impact on the life of the village during his brief ministry there.

His summer experience in Alaska appealed to him in such a real way that he asked permission of Bishop Nash to transfer as a candidate for Holy Orders, from Massachusetts to Alaska. This application was granted and Carter was accepted as a candidate for Holy Orders from Alaska, in 1954. During the summer of 1955 Carter served as assistant at St. Mary's Mission in Anchorage and helped with the work of All Saints' parish at the same time. Here again he rendered real service to the Church in Alaska.

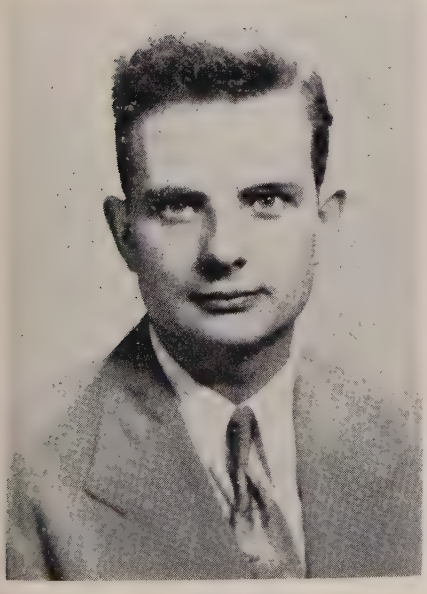
Carter will be graduated from CDSP in June. After attending the Outgoing Missionary Conference at Greenwich, Conn. he will come to Alaska to be ordained to the diaconate, probably at All Saints', Anchorage early in July. Shortly thereafter he will go to serve in one of our mission stations of the Church in Alaska. We are delighted to have Carter on the way back to us. It is always gratifying to have one of our summer seminarians come back to Alaska as an appointed missionary and may God richly bless his service to his Church and his people, in this northern country.

A second appointee is Mr. Lee Stratman who will graduate from the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. in June. Mr. Stratman

Mr. Carter van Waes

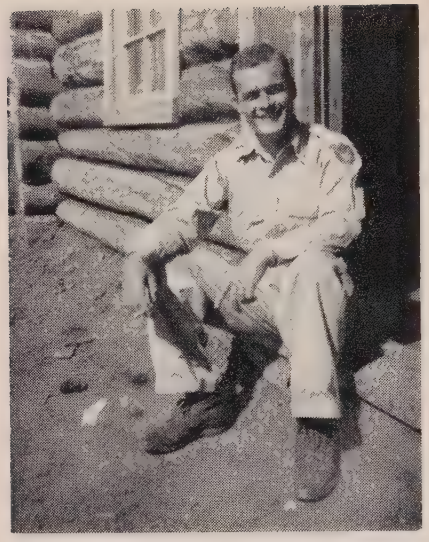
is thirty-one years old and was born in the State of Kentucky. However, his canonical residence is the Diocese of Southern Ohio and we are deeply grateful to Bishop Hobson for releasing him for service in the District of Alaska. Mr. Statman has a wife, Ethel, and three boys, ages 7, 5 and 3. He has a rich background which will ably fit him for service in this missionary district. This includes experience as a medical technician in the U. S. Army from 1942 to 1948. He was a technician at the Schenley Laboratory, Lawrenceburg, Indiana from 1948 to 1952 and a chemist at the Drackett Co., Cincinnati in 1953. Mrs. Stratman is a trained practical nurse and is a native of the fine State of Virginia.

Mr. Stratman will be ordained in the States following his graduation from the Episcopal Theological School and will come to Alaska in mid-summer. We are deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Stratman for their willingness to serve in helping to meet the needs of the Church in Alaska and we feel certain they will contribute richly to our ministry here. We eagerly look forward to welcoming them as a part of the District family this summer.



Mr. Lee Stratman

A third appointee is, like Carter van Waes, no stranger to Alaska. He is Mr. F. Colman Inge, a native of Alabama, a senior at the Sewanee Seminary. Coleman came to Alaska as a member of the summer seminarian team in 1955. He rendered fine service in St. James' Mission, Tanana and later filled in in a primitive situation in the village of Steven's Village on the Upper Yukon. Readers of The Alaskan Churchman will recall his article in the November issue, "A Bite Out of the Yukon". Apparently the bite that Coleman took was a big one because shortly thereafter he volunteered for service in Alaska and his appointment has been confirmed. We are deeply grateful to Bishop Carpenter, Bishop of Alabama, for releasing Coleman for missionary service in Alaska, and we feel certain that he will mean much in our pastoral ministry in the Church here. Coleman



Mr. Coleman Inge

too has a rich background, during his 28 years which eminently fits him for missionary service. He graduated from the University of Alabama in addition to his seminary training. He served for two years as a teacher in the Junior High School of Mobile, Alabama and also has had experience as a teller in the Savings & Loan Association in Mobile and as a merchant seaman with the Oran Towing & Trans. Co., New York. The trip to Greenland as a seaman in 1951 should have been good preparation for an Alaskan winter. We feel certain that Coleman Inge will be a most valuable addition to the Alaskan staff in 1956.

We hope very much that other men will be appointed for service in Alaska before summer. At the same time we give thanks to Almighty God for the fine and splendid calibre of the ministry that He has sent to serve His Church in this Territory.

We have two types of subscriptions —the regular $1.00 a year ones and the sustaining ones at $5.00 a year. We will appreciate your renewal either way.

THE YEAR IN RETROSPECT

(Mrs. Hugh F. Hall's Christmas letter)

Another year has passed and we are preparing to celebrate our eighth Christmas in Alaska. 1955 began much like any other year but soon began to make itself a very remarkable year. We had our annual parish dinner and meeting in the still unfinished but usable parish hall early in January and later that month 90 fathers and sons were together there for the first Fathers' and Sons' banquet in the history of the parish. In January Hugh celebrated his 38th birthday and Daniel his 4th. Hugh's crew cut is getting thin on top—no gray hairs yet. He keeps young dashing between Wrangell and Petersburg. Daniel (almost 5 as I write this) is a very noisy, affectionate and lovable little boy—dancing dark blue eyes, and heavy blond curly hair (when he can't convince me he should have a crew cut like Bishop Gordon and father).

In February at the Church School Children's Valentine party, Hugh showed me a letter from Bishop Gordon which said that he had in his office an anonymous gift of $400.00 for Hugh's transportation to the General Convention of the Church in Honolulu in September. A trip to the convention was something beyond our wildest dreams and yet here it was. We talked of little else for quite a while and began making plans for the work which had to be done before we left—since this was the Golden Anniversary year for the parish and the building on the parish hall had to be completed for the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of South East Alaska in October.

Another wonderful thing for the advancement of our work hapened in March. Women of the Diocese of West Texas had for the past few years "adopted" the children at the Church's school in Nenana. That school was now being closed and Bishop Gordon suggested that since they wished to continue their mission pro-

ject in Alaska, they "adopt" our Institute children. We began a correspondence with West Texas which led to a wonderful program begun this fall, since the Wrangell Institute closed in April for major rebuilding and repair.

The spring was very late this year and I cannot brag about our wonderful gardens in 1955—there was no planting until late April and usually I have begun in March.

Easter brought the next and perhaps the greatest surprise of the year—at the close of the Easter service Hugh read a letter, of which I had no foreknowledge, which said that our friends here in Wrangell and other places wished to send me to Honolulu with Hugh. It was a complete surprise and I had never even for a minute considered the possiiblity that I might go. It had been arranged even down to the care of the children while we were gone.

The Institute closed in late April and we had two of our boys for the summer—Lawrence Wilson and Jacob Butler. They were a wonderful addition to the family and we were sorry to see them leave in late August to begin High School at Mt. Edgecumbe. Both boys were new at the Institute in 1948 when we went out there for the first time and we had watched them all the way through school to the point where Lawrence finished as editor of the school paper, a scholastic leader and holder of the Sportsmanship Award, and Jacob finished as an honor student and competed 7th and 8th grades in one year. April 30th was Margaret Janes' 9th birthday. She has suddenly started to grow and proudly announced not long ago that there were now several girls in the 4th grade shorter than she and that she had gained 8 lbs. since her last physical exam. This fall she is on the top of the 4th grade honor roll and still has the attitude toward learning that life just isn't going to be long enough to learn all there is to learn.

May saw the end of school, the opening of the fishing season (unfortunately for our people the worst in history). Also May brought the beginning of the picnic season whenever weather permitted and the beginning of the tourist season. This year I worked in Valborg's Gift Shop—a store which caters to tourists—during the hours the boats were in port. I thoroughly enjoyed it although I did miss being on the dock to meet every boat that came in. In May the Clergy Conference was held in Seward. The delegates to the General Convention were chosen at this time and Hugh was elected clerical delegate, and Chester Seveck—a full-blooded Eskimo from Kotzebue—was chosen as the lay delegate.

More than 150 people braved the gentle drizzle which greeted the day of our annual parish picnic and gathered at the small boat harbor to go by boat to Woronkofski Island for the picnic. We put up canvases to protect us, carried stove oil to urge the fires of wet wood along, had service on the beach, ate, played ball, and square danced, and if our clothes were wet our spirits certainly weren't. We headed for home tired and happy about 4 p.m. and no one had to worry about getting sunburned on the picnic. Mid-June saw my 36th birthday. Very little comment on me at this point except to say it was also in June that I tried on my bathing suit looking forward to the beach at Waikiki. September 1st found me 20 pounds lighter and the bathing suit much more becoming!

Hugh and Lawrence and Jacob worked all summer on the parish hall and the church and the grounds. The Fourth of July was the usual big celebration. This year, to add to the festivities there were three boats in town—The Koshu Maru, a Japanese freighter loading the first lumber cut in our mill in 8 years—a very welcome and needed payroll in town; the second boat was The Prince George, a Canadian pasesnger boat and the Susitna, a U.S. freighter. The Koshu Maru held open house for the children and gave each of them a Japanese toy and

the Prince George joined in firing fireworks with our town fireworks at night. The Woman's Auxiliary had a float again this year and won the $75 prize. We had our usual booth—home-made root beer, popcorn and a dart game. There were two ball games, our town team was challenged by the crews of both the Prince George and the Koshu Maru. The local boys did all right until they decided to play half the game by Japanese rules and then our boys couldn't even see the ball. I worked part of the hours the boat was in and then went over to call the PTA Square Dance. We had one set that evening from the prairies of Canada, one from Georgia and one from Arizona.

For the first time in many years the Forth Tour stopped in Wrangell and we had a wonderful time entertaining the 39 members of the tour. We had cars to tour the town and then served coffee in the parish hall and had a brief service in the church.

On the 10th of July we celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary. It was Sunday so I appropriately gave the acolyte a note to give the clergyman, asking for prayers for the wedding anniversary of a couple in the parish. The "clergyman" was very red faced when he finally convinced the acolyte that he had to know the couple's Christian names and the boy laughed and said "Hugh and Margaret". In Hugh's favor I might add that he had had a very hard week, and I would have been surprised if he had remembered.

The month of August seems to be a rather vague muddle of starting one thing and realizing that something else had to be done first. I had to get the children's clothes ready for school, the two boys outfitted for High School, my clothes ready for the trip, and assemble a "summer wardrobe". Since I had had no need for a real summer wardrobe in eight years, this was quite a feat—but I had wonderful friends who were delighted to have some of their belongings go to Hawaii even if they could not.

The boys left on the 30th of August and somehow on the first of September we were ready to leave for Seattle. I could not begin to tell in this letter about that trip. It was from beginning to end an experience we shall never forget—our friends in Seattle and Tacoma who entertained us, the wonderful three weeks with Chester Seveck, the new friends we made, the old friends we saw, classmates of Hugh's from Seminary, people who had been tourists in Alaska, and even one former Clara Barton grade school teacher who carried me back in memory to the second grade, meeting my cousin Peter Trask in Honolulu after 16 years since last seeing him, and meeting personally and talking with people who up to this point had been names and pictures in magazines. The Convention itself was an inspiration and education. Living in a small town on a small Island makes it very easy to become ingrown and forget the rest of the world. The Convention made us aware of every phase of the Church's work and the many races worshipping, working and playing together gave real meaning to the text on the official seal of the Convention —"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

While we were in Honolulu Susan had her 6th birthday and Hughie his 8th. First grade is a challenge to Susan as it was to Margaret and she has learned to read with no hestitation. She is taller than Margaret was at her age. (She wears the clothes that Margaret wore in 3rd grade). She still has her golden braids and her ready smile. She loves to sing and does it well. Hughie is in the 3rd grade and is improving steadily in his school work. His chief interest right now is in building "gadgets" and I never know what sort of a maze of wires etc. I am going to run into in his room. He is keeping me busy also turning down trousers—I never seem to be done with that job, and he is no longer the shortest boy in the 3rd grade.

October was a month of preparation—preparation for the meeting of

(Continued on Page 20)

As we rejoice at the appointment of new deacons-to-be for service in Alaska, at the same time the whole Church in Alaska feels a very great and distinct loss in the retirement of Miss Blanche Myers who has served for the past four years as secretary-treasurer of the Missionary District of Alaska. Miss Myers came to Alaska in December, 1951 with the intention of filling in for six months in which time a permanent person would be found for the post. However, she agreed to stay on for a full term. Certainly no one in the District has given more devotely and conscientiously of her time and talents to the general welfare of the Church in this District. All of us have felt her influence and help and she will certainly be sorely missed as she goes to a much deserved retirement.

Certainly her service in the Church here is no new experience for her She went to China in 1924, arriving there in December. She served there under all sorts of conditions and under all sorts of governments during the war years. She was on furlough in the States when the United States entered the war with Japan and as she could not return, she accepted the post as treasurer of the Missionary District of Honolulu for three and one-half years, from December 1942 to mid-summer in 1946. She returned to China in September of 1946 and came back to the United States in July of 1951 when all America missionaries were obliged to leave the country. So she came to Alaska eminently qualified to work as secretary-treasurer for even then a rather green Bishop. Although Miss Myers belongs probably to China and to Hawaii, we still feel that she belongs most of all to us and we give thanks for the splendid service to God and the Church that she has given here. The readers of The Alaskan Churchman will miss her pleasant notes of reminder about changes of address and expired subscriptions and the Churchman loses a most able business manager as Miss Myers retires. She doesn't tell us just exactly what she is going to do but one thing we know, she will be active and useful wherever she is and our prayers and wishes for God's blessing surely go with her wherever she may be. Correspondence addressed to her care of her sister, Mrs. Frances Bignall, 395 Vine street, Akron 4, Ohio will always be forwarded.

Miss Stella Burton

As announced in the May Churchman last year, Miss Stella Burton has come to take over the work of Secretary-treasurer of the District. We are indeed fortunate to have Miss Burton in the office for after seven years with the Finance Department of the National Council in New York, she has just the qualifications we need to carry on the diverse activities of the office of the District.

Last fall when a vacancy developed in the post of secretary-treasurer at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital in Fort Yukon, Miss Burton volunteered to come early and fill in there and she has been at the hospital since late September. She came into Fairbanks early in January and has now taken over the duties of the secretary-treasurer of the District and business manager of The Alaskan Churchman. We welcome her to this new responsibility and feel certain that her service to the Church in Alaska will be a rewarding one for her and for us.

The Year in Retrospect

(Continued from Page 18)

the Woman's Auxiliary of South East Alaska and for the Golden Anniversary of St. Philip's Church and for the blessing of the parish hall. Yes, the hall was completed! During the opening sessions of the Woman's Auxiliary meeting in the church we could hear the pounding as the last of the asbestos shingles went on the exterior of the building. Bishop Gordon was here for the W. A. meeting and for the Anniversary Celebration. We have been here for 8 of the 50 Golden years of St. Philip's and we have felt fortunate to have had a part in its first 50. We look forward to "A Golden Future under God".

The last of October saw the reopening of the Wrangell Institute and a tremendous influx of Episcopal children. We now have in our care 88 Episcopalians and 17 Russian Orthodox children. The majority of the Orthodox children come from the village of Kalskag where little English is spoken and all of the children from 6 to 17 are in the first grade. Many of them will complete two or three grades as soon as they grasp the language. They say the Lord's Prayer in Eskimo while we say it in English and I have two young interpreters in my class on Tuesday. We have all our Episcopal children in grades 6, 7, 8 from Fort Yukon, and children from Minto because of inadequate schools in the villages. So we have another parish at the school. Four men and Hugh and I go out on Tuesdays, and Hugh and at least one of the men go out on Sunday morning. The women of West Texas are doing a wonderful piece of missionary work with these children and have supplied prayer books and hymnals and money for supplies and for Christmas gifts, and each child has received at least one Christmas card.

Hugh goes to Petersburg at least twice a month and spends on an average of about 12 days a month there. Next year they hope to have a resident clergyman which will make more growth possible. Hugh will miss the work there greatly, but it will give him more time for the growing parish here and for the increased work at the Institute.

The Christmas season will be ushered in by the Children's Service on Sunday, December 18th. Hugh will be in Petersburg in the morning and will arrive here at 3 p.m. with our service set for 4:30. 120 children will take part in the service and the 20 voice Junior choir will sing. There will be midnight service Christmas Eve., 8:30 a.m. service at the Institute, 10:30 a plane for Petersburg, 11 a.m. service there and weather permitting, between 2:00 and 3:00 p.m. a plane for home and our family Christmas tree.

That takes us almost through 1955 with the exception of one big day, the very last of the year which most people celebrate because it is New Year's Eve, but we also have Melissa Ann's 2nd birthday to celebrate. Melissa is all the other four rolled into one and yet a complete individual. She is smal llike Margaret, has Hughie's red hair (a little redder than his), has Susan's quick humor and Danny's curls. She is the plaything of all of them and they fight over who is to do things for her, all of which she thoroughly enjoys. They are all growing up—Margaret babysits for me or when we are not going to be late, Hughie helped skin a deer this fall, Susan is very independent and self-sufficient, and Melissa feels that she should go everywhere and do everything that the older children do.

God be a guest within your home,
God bless your Christmas fireside;
And through the years may you and yours,
In his Enriching Love Abide.

Margaret Hall

The District will have twelve men on furlough at one time or another during the year 1956.

PARISHES

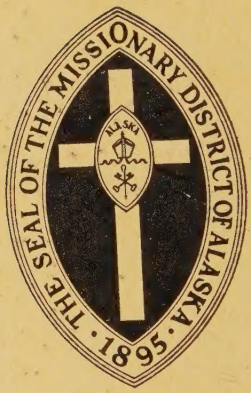
Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
		The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert
	District Missioner	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott (On Furlough)
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the-Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anchorage	St. Mary's	Asst. All Saints'
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Beaver	St. Matthew's	Capt. George S. Glander
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
		Mr. Page H. Kent
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	The Bishop
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
		Mr. Isaac Tritt
		Miss Betty Marvin
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Dr. S. Donald Palmer
		Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N.
		Miss Irene Burnham, R.N.
		Miss Susan C. Lewis, R.N.
		Mr. Grafton Bergman
Huslia	Good Shepherd	Miss Arlene B. Chatterton, R.N.
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland
Ketchikan	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the-Arctic	The Rev. Alwin Reiners, Jr.
Minto	St. Barnabas'	m. Nenana
		Miss Bertha E. Mason, R.N.
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot (On Furlough)
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt .Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox
		Mr. Donald Oktollik
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Shageluk	St. Luke's	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N.
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Chalkyitsik	Rampart	Seldovia
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Pt. Lay	Skagway
Big Delta	Homer	Mt. Edgecumbe	Stevens Village
Bettles	Hot Springs	Noatak	Tetlin
Circle	Hughes	Nome	Venetie
Coschaket	Kenai	Palmer	Wrangell Institute


THE SEAL OF THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF ALASKA
1895